The Centurion

Special interview with the Lizard People.
See page 23.

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3 APRIL 1964

This vibrant study of Prudence Cox was taken on Plus-X film, with an exposure of 1/30 of a second at f-8. Lighting consisted of two floods, with one spot flood to illuminate the hair.

A striking portrait, this photograph of Barbara Hindmarch was taken with a single flood for illumination, strategically placed to demonstrate "Rembrandt lighting". The film was Plus-X, exposed for 1/30 of a second at f-5.6.

Deborah Hindle's sunny personality is radiantly recaptured in this fine portrait. Three floods provided lighting; the film was Plus-X, exposed for 1/30 of a second at f-8.

John Philion, Photography Club president and Centurion *staff photographer, took all the photographs on this page with his Minolta SR-1 single lens reflex camera. Pictures of John are rare, since he is usually the man behind the camera; the accompanying shot, taken at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, shows him with a Questar telescope.*

EDITORIAL

We do wish to take issue, if we may, with this perceptive young man's (Peter Bower's) comments about the Centurion. *His suggestion that the pages of this latter missile, already exuding talent, wit, and suchlike, need amplification by material from* Critic *writers can hardly be credited. We firmly believe that so long as the dictionary, the thesaurus, and the hair-drying machine exist, there will be nothing but reams of talented, witty, and suchlike material to literally stuff this fine journalistic effort.*

The above few lines of rant we have dredged for your amusement out of the penultimate issue of the *Critic* (vol. III no. 5). The reader will have little difficulty in locating a copy should he harbour some masochistic desire to read the entire article, printed some time in February. There is still a vast number of this particular issue, as there are of most *Critic* issues, ranged in unartistic cairn-like little heaps about our otherwise-beautiful campus. This is not a comment on the inefficiency of our janitorial service, but a tribute to the persistence of the members of the *Critic* staff, who rival our flocks of local seagulls in their zealous attempts to cover our campus with white.

Obviously the *Critic* editor who summed up the unparallelled effrontery to print this balderdash (his desire for anonymnity we cannot view as culpable) was attempting a tongue-in-cheek piece of supercilious wit. A discussion of his actual achievement — hoof-in-mouth pathos — leads us to a review of the entire rag that he "edits".

We firmly believe the thing is a bomb. We have seen better drivel scratched lackadaisically in patches of fresh cement by moronic gutter-urchins.

Let's take a look at the last issue — a sort of campus *Reader's Digest* with a *Watchtower* format. After an egregiously bad heiroglyph on the cover, symbolizing

The Centurion

VOL. 3, NO. 3, APRIL 1964
University of Victoria

Editor-in-Chief	Daniel O'Brien
Fiction Editor	Bob Bell
Poetry Editor	Julian Reid
Business Manager	Dave Porteous
Production Co-ordinator	Ape Beasley
Art Editor	Judith Baines
Staff	Debbie Hindle Margaret Hooper Carolyn Wild Elsie Wollaston
Photographer	John Philion

Bennett-knows-what, we are treated to a solid column of "contents", done in about 60-point type. Flipping the page, we see another 3/5 column devoted to an editorial box, and yet another 2/5 column squandered on a contributors' box. The reoccurrence of characters in these little money-wasters borders upon a pattern of psychopathic fixation. So we have practically a full page (not to mention that enigmatic little full-column chiaroscuro of the Editor's mother-in-law) ancillary to the remaining six pages. But now do we get to the gristle of it? No. We find ourselves embogged in yet another epic editorial. After a most sedulous perusal we were able to discern no clue in the murky intricacies of this concoction to guide us through the umbrageous prose labyrinth which followed, nor could we discover in the latter caverns any torch to illumine this fuscous editorial itself.

On the tenuous assumption that the reader has miraculously survived this lethal *tirade*, he then finds himself knee-deep in Gordon Fearn's *magnum opus*, "The Canadian Way of Death". Now we, naïve children that we are, would have expected some insights into the Canadian funeral trade, compared and contrasted with the situation down in Hersheyland, as described in Jessica Mitford's best-seller, *The American Way of Death*. To our dismay, we find a haphazard *resume* of Miss Mitford's muck-raking *expose* (tacitly assuming our complete unfamiliarity with this study), augmented by the occasional unbalanced allusion to the Canadian grief-therapists. Tortured prose, tangled in a Gordian Knot.

This seems to be the pattern throughout the *Critic*. Walter Bell flagrantly violates the golden rule we all learned in English 100 — *a review should NOT be a*

(continued on page 17)

Two Poems

by Robin Skelton

Robin Skelton, a member of the University of Victoria English Department, was established as a prominent young British poet before he came to Canada last year. In addition to several volumes of poetry, he has published two books on poetics.

* * *

Dirty Snow

In memory of William Robins and Jacob Kramer

Dirty snow at the base
of the grey-black statue
of the Prince.
In Leeds that year he blew
whiskey through his hands.
(I talk of Jacob).
Now he is dead as his
father on his slab.

Of the wrong race
to mourn, I can't lift
hands high, cloth backsliding
from sharp wrists;
I drink beer slowly
in the Jubilee,
thinking about my Grandfather,
who was blind,

dirty snow in his eyes;
"On the way," he said,
"Stop the hearse at the Hildyard Arms;
have one on me."
None of them did, of course.

I drink to Jacob,
who took his brush to the dead
and trusted grief.

His father, humped and scooped
in limestone, lay
stiff on the slab,
(*A Painting of my Father*),
like huge-skulled Delius,
his angered cheekbones
taut with parchment,
(*Head of Delius*), dead.

Brown snow under my boots,
in Leeds that year
he bent his huge-nosed, flushed,
imperial head
in smoke-fogged, comfortable
bars. Old snow
slid underfoot. Beer glistened
pools of wood.

Great names, great myths
amused his heavy eyes
and twitched the mumbling
confidential mouth,
the scraped, white-speckled chin,
his big red hand
heavy upon my
uninstructed mind.

Snow on his eyes,
"Have one on me", he said.
"Stop at the Hildyard Arms."
I didn't know
him dead till he was buried.
Jacob also
slid into the rivering dark
without a word

and altered the tides of the sea.
The statue looms
black horse, black rider, to
grey sky, where snow
won't fall from now.
Uneasy Spring begins
its muddled sentiment.
No dead awake.

Virginia Road Revisited

In Memory of Wilfred Childe

Twelve years ago.
Nostalgia silts the mouth
with smoke and stale beer,
shutting down the eyes
under the black slate weight
of roofs in rain,
blunting the finger-ends
with brick in streets
that step through puddles.
Here's where I was young,
paused at the corner
for a last look up,
then left him along
cobbled laurelled roadways.

Virginia Road.
All much as I remember.
The hollow shabby rooms,
chairs grouped round smoke,
drab walls, and settling dust.
Right at the top
he had a room we'd meet in
once a week,
hunched by the stuttering
broken columned gas
that itched our ankles,
on the mantlepiece
Blake postcards, snaps,
a child's small Union Jack.

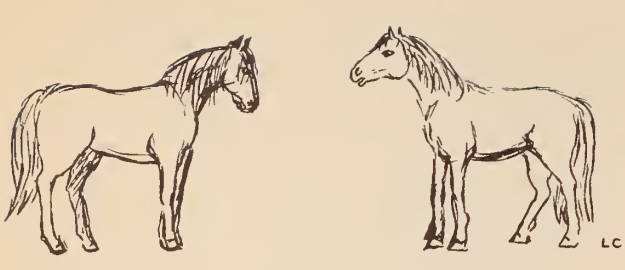
He's gone now. Memories
cover him like frost,
hardening the hard clay.
He, as much as youth,
slid past, and still
slides past without allowing
love its liberties.
I scrub my breath
round on the window, and
glare out. The laurels
shake their mockery.

The gas fire's cough
and whisper has the roaring
lungs of death.

No portrait can account
for him, no verse
mumble him wise enough,
or muffle up
the bad teeth in the
secret impish mouth
he talked from once
a week there at the top
of dark uncertain stairs,
books lumped and piled
on chairs, shelves, tables
and the clumsy floor.
Men climbed to see him.
Pride lay small but sharp

among the books and
solitudes. Twelve years!
I stare, red-eyed, through
fog and bid him come,
my old companion,
thrusting back the rest.
The trench of shadow
lies across the gloom
of cobbles. Lamps gasp out.
Rain starts. I watch
him wind the long wool
from his waking throat
and settle, listening,
in this upper room

I struggle to up stairs
of years, and pause,
my mouth still thick with breath.
He smiles. The gas
roars infinites of rain
and grief, its heat
pressed home upon our
lungs. I stare across
black weights of roofs.
No oracles assert
our laurelled frenzy,
but his trade is mine;
books tumble and flags wave
our mutual loss.



"I don't recall the mane, but your pace is familiar."

"I can't understand what he sees in her."

"Well, we sure got off the beaten track this year."

"Oh, yeah? You and who's army?"

"What etchings?"

MICHAEL MORRIS

A Pinch of Sawdust

A Play in One Act by Bob Bell

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NATHANIEL: 45, rather ragged, wearing a suit and scarf.

SAM: 40, also ragged, wearing a trucker's jacket.

PAPER BOY: 30, who has made a career out of the job.

ASSORTED PEDESTRIANS.

SCENE: A sidewalk bench, city, one afternoon . . .

(Lights come up on the bench. SAM is lying on it on his back, stretched out full length. NATHANIEL enters STAGE RIGHT, carrying a small suitcase. He walks behind the bench and stops, looking at SAM. SAM stirs and looks up at him. NATHANIEL paces back and forth — he wants a seat. Finally, he clears his throat rather loudly, and SAM, with a groan, sits up. NATHANIEL nods and sits down. After a moment, NATHANIEL takes a flask of wine from his suitcase and has a little nip. SAM looks at him, and NATHANIEL has another drink. SAM looks some more, and NATHANIEL's conscience bothers him.)

NATHANIEL: Would you . . . like a drink?

SAM: Why, uh . . . yes, I would. *(He slides over quickly, takes the bottle and drinks.)* Ahhh, that's good of you. *(He drinks again.)* Ahhhh, real good.

NATHANIEL: *(He has to reach over and take the bottle from SAM.)* You don't have to drink the whole bloody thing. *(NATHANIEL glares at him. SAM looks back, then at the ground.)* Jeeezus . . .

SAM: I'm sorry.

NATHANIEL: I give a guy a drink because he looks like a prune and he damn near kills it.

SAM: I'm sorry. I got carried away.

NATHANIEL: *(Under his breath.)* They'll carry you away, all right. *(NATHANIEL checks the level in the bottom of the bottle.)* YOU DID KILL IT!

SAM: I said I was sorry . . . Nathaniel.

NATHANIEL: How come you know my name?

SAM: I've seen you.

NATHANIEL: *(Studying SAM.)* I've never seen you. Where?

SAM: You don't use big words like you used to.

NATHANIEL: *(Impatient.)* What? What? Big words. Where you seen me?

SAM: I used to see you all the time. We worked at the same place.

NATHANIEL: You never did one day of your life. I never forget a face.

SAM: I remember you.

NATHANIEL: What's your name?

SAM: Sam.

NATHANIEL: Great . . . I suppose there's only about eighty million Sams in the world.

SAM: You used to be pretty good at making pitches, you know that?

NATHANIEL: *(Impatient.)* Of course I was good. Wouldn't have done it if I wasn't good. Where'd you used to work?

SAM: Dawson's Carnival and Arcade. Ten years ago.

NATHANIEL: Dawson's Carnival and — *(Remembers)* You mean the Row? Ohhh, now I get you, the Row. Yeah, now I remember. You worked there, eh? What'd you do?

SAM: Nothing, mostly.

NATHANIEL: You must have done something. Dawson didn't hire people out of love.

SAM: You don't use big words anymore.

NATHANIEL: *(Impatient again.)* What? What big words? Delicatessen, marmalade. They big enough?

SAM: When you were pitch-making, you always used big words. That's what made me remember you.

NATHANIEL: Well, I'm not pitch-making anymore. That enough reason?

SAM: You were pretty good.

NATHANIEL: What'd you do for Dawson? I still can't place you.

SAM: I was supposed to walk around and make sure nobody started fights.

NATHANIEL: Well, that must have been FAIRLY soft.

SAM: Was, till I got caught.

NATHANIEL: What'd you do, crawl under tents in the girlie shows?

SAM: *(Matter of factly.)* No. I picked pockets.

NATHANIEL: *(Suddenly.)* Are you the guy the cops nailed that night. Eighteen wallets under your jacket? One hundred and sixty odd samoleons?

SAM: One hundred and seventy-two.

NATHANIEL: You're the guy I been looking for . . . I figure you owe me ten per cent.

SAM: Ten what? What do you mean?

NATHANIEL: I remember you now. You're the nimble-fingered s.o.b. that used to work MY crowds to make YOUR pile.

SAM: It was a lot easier.

NATHANIEL: I never saw any of the profits.

SAM: You were the carney. Besides . . . that was ten years ago.

NATHANIEL: Yeah . . . I was the bloody carney, all right. *(Pause.)* What'd they do when they caught you?

SAM: *(Disinterestedly.)* Aww. I spent a few months in the clink, then wandered around for a little while. I don't know. After they closed the Row down all together it was pretty tight.

NATHANIEL: It's a tight little world. So what are you doing now?

SAM: Nothing. *(Pause.)* I ain't allowed.

NATHANIEL: What are you talking about?

SAM: To pick pockets.

NATHANIEL: I wouldn't know about that. You're fingers don't look like they've got any shorter.

SAM: *(Despondently rubbing the fingers of his right hand.)* No, they're still in pretty good shape. *(Brightens.)* I could still steal the watch off your wrist, I bet.

NATHANIEL: I don't have a watch. No, I was just thinking . . . uh . . . you know, the money situation.

SAM: I've been getting by.

NATHANIEL: I, uh, suppose you have . . . You're fingers are still pretty nimble, you say?

SAM: No more heisting. I work. I cut lawns and gardens and do clean-up jobs.

NATHANIEL: That's patently ridiculous.

SAM: *(As if making a discovery)* A big word —

NATHANIEL: *(Finding it difficult to comprehend.)* You . . . you work at bugger-all jobs when you got a set of hooks like that? How, how many people got hands like you got? You're the guy who jobbed one hundred and seventy dollars in one session.

SAM: I been told I better just sit on my hands . . . if I know what's good for me.

NATHANIEL: *(Defiantly.)* Who says so?

SAM: My parole officer.

NATHANIEL: I might have known. Which one YOU got?

SAM: Johnson.

NATHANIEL: I know him well.

SAM: He's a son of a bitch.

NATHANIEL: Anyway, what I want to know is — do you find the going pretty tough? Financially?

SAM: I said I get by.

NATHANIEL: Yeah, but it's still a little tight, isn't it? I mean, take right now, for instance. It's obvious you don't have enough money for a jug of the glorious sauce, or you wouldn't have bummed it off me.

SAM: I didn't bum it off you . . .

NATHANIEL: Answer the question.

SAM: Well . . . I may be a little strapped, I got to admit . . .

NATHANIEL: Samuel . . . that is your name, isn't it? *(NATHANIEL puts his hand on SAM's shoulder.)* Compatriot. Do you not realize *(NATHANIEL is choosing his words carefully.)* that we wouldn't have to spend anymore . . . well, days like this if you were to . . . say, uh . . . return to your rather lucrative profession?

SAM: You're using big words now.

NATHANIEL: You're changing the subject.

SAM: Hell's bells, man. You people don't realize what it's like. There's just too much hazard to make it worth while. You pick one here and one there and you might come out with nothing. And each time you run the risk of getting stuck.

NATHANIEL: I didn't figure it was all peaches and cream.

SAM: The only way to do it is to have a crowd. Then you can have sort of a mass grab, and nobody fingers you. If you're lucky.

NATHANIEL: *(Pause.)* You mean like the crowd down on the Row.

SAM: Yeah.

NATHANIEL: MY crowd on the Row, specifically.

SAM: That's when it was really good. I remember you could just have them hypnotized and all I had to do was saunter around and PICK here and PICK there. Then some bastard fingered me *(Pause.)* What you got in the suitcase?

NATHANIEL: You . . . you thought it was pretty good there, did you?

SAM: The suitcase . . .

NATHANIEL: Nothing. *(Shrugging it off.)*

SAM: Must be something.

NATHANIEL: It's nothing. Just . . . things.

SAM: *(Going to it.)* What things? Must be something —

NATHANIEL: *(Putting his hand on it.)* IT'S JUST TIES! If you must know, it's full of ties. I sell them. A man's got to do something.

SAM: You? You, the best pitchman they ever had, and you sell — well, what the hell is this?

NATHANIEL: I gotta eat.

SAM: Yeah, but ties?

NATHANIEL: *(Obviously a sore spot.)* SO WHAT?

SAM: Sure never figured you for a such a come-down.

NATHANIEL: I sell ties, and that's all there is to it.

SAM: *(To himself.)* The best pitchman, and you're selling . . . When was the last time you made a pitch?

NATHANIEL: A long time ago.

SAM: Think of the team-work we had. All gone to hell.

NATHANIEL: Let me tell you something. Sit down. *(He sits SAM down.)* You think the Row was a pretty good place, do you?

SAM: Bloody rights it was.

NATHANIEL: Well, let me clue you in. I've never been so sick of one place in my life. I've never seen such a slave-driving son-of-a-bitch like Dawson in my life. I made the stupid mistake of signing a little piece of paper for him, and he had me for three years.

SAM: I didn't sign any piece of paper when I worked for him.

NATHANIEL: You didn't play cards with the S.O.B.

SAM: How much did you owe him?

NATHANIEL: None of your business. Every time I figured I'd like a day off he'd walk up to me with his superscillious smile and tell me that if I didn't make a pitch he'd go check how much I owed him. If I made a pitch he'd sort of forget about it. I got so sick of the place I couldn't even think anymore.

SAM: You were doing all right while I was there.

NATHANIEL: You weren't there near the end. It got so it was physical pain to get up on that platform and spiel. Then one day I found I couldn't do it anymore.

SAM: What do you mean?

NATHANIEL: I couldn't do it. I couldn't talk when I got up there. Burned out — you know. Well, maybe you can guess how Dawson felt about this, hey?

SAM: How much money did you owe him?

NATHANIEL: What difference does it make? I didn't have anything to pay him with. So one night before I found out he was coming after me I blew town.

SAM: I'll bet that made him happy.

NATHANIEL: Maybe he's forgot by now. I don't know, and I don't care. I don't care about a hell of a lot of things, as a matter of fact.

SAM: You didn't try to make pitches anywhere else . . . I mean, you didn't try to get another job?

NATHANIEL: No, dammit. Why the hell should I get up there and scream my lungs out so some creep like Dawson can make a bundle of dough off a bunch of perverts who want to oogle at a god damn purient girlie-show? Nuts to the whole bloody business. I've had it right up to here. *(He indicates his neck.)* I haven't stood on a platform since I left the god damn Row.

SAM: *(Pause.)* No more picking pockets, either.

NATHANIEL: Well . . . I don't know's though that's any reason for YOU to quit . . .

SAM: Tell me something, Nat. Did you ever get so's you're so god damn tired you didn't want to move? And there's no reason because you haven't done nothing to make you tired? You know what I mean?

NATHANIEL: Yes, I do.

SAM: You're sort of lying back at night, and you wake up, and you know it's morning, and you say to yourself, "Gaawd, I hate this time of day." Do you ever say that?

NATHANIEL: Yeah, but it isn't just in the morning. Look, Samuel, I know exactly what your trouble is. It isn't really a sickness, it's a condition. Actually, it's a state of being. The best thing is, Sam baby, I know the cure.

SAM: Yeah . . .?

NATHANIEL: I'll tell you what'll fix us both up, Samuel. The next person that comes along I'll ask to light my cigarette —

SAM: You don't have a cigarette.

NATHANIEL: I'LL GET ONE. You're obscuring the problem. And while he's stopped you calmly saunter up behind and . . . *(NATHANIEL is miming the motions)* give his little wallet the finger. That'll solve our mid-morning blues like that. It's simple frustration.

SAM: Who gets the money?

NATHANIEL: What? We do. What a stupid question. You didn't think I'd give it to anybody else, did you?

SAM: No dice.

NATHANIEL: What are you talking about. Samuel, friend . . .

SAM: I take the risk, and you take the cut. Bugger you.

NATHANIEL: Samuel, What . . . what are you saying? Think of how it was back on the Row. The byword was co-operation. Is this any way to . . .

SAM: Then it was easy. Not no more.

NATHANIEL: You're willing to just throw away a partnership . . .

SAM: Forget it!

PAPER BOY: *(Calling from STAGE LEFT.)* PEAPER, EV'NIN' —REA' DAL' LABOU' DIT. *(Paper boy, enters STAGE LEFT, carrying a bag of papers slung over his hip. In his hand he is carrying a few papers folded in half so the headlines show.)*

NATHANIEL: *(To SAM.)* Here's a career man for you.

PAPER BOY: *(Coming over to NATHANIEL.)* Paper sir? PEAPER, EV'NIN' — REA' DAL' LABOU —

NATHANIEL: Easy, easy. What are the headlines? *(NATHANIEL pulls the PAPER BOY's arm over and reads the headlines.)* Hummm. I wonder if our government realizes that if they play around with our fiscal — *(SAM has reached around to the PAPER BOY's bag and is trying to steal a paper. The PAPER BOY swings around and knocks his arm away.)*

PAPER BOY: Hold it, bum.

NATHANIEL: Just a minute —

SAM: *(Trying to ignore him.)* Tap off. Blow.

PAPER BOY: Well, you miserable — how chintsy can you get?

NATHANIEL: It was indeed unfortunate. Now get on your little bicycle and pedal out of here.

PAPER BOY: You chintsy bastards don't even own a dime.

SAM: Why don't you go get fixed.

PAPER BOY: Okay, tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you one for a nickel. You can't be THAT chintsy.

SAM: BUGGER OFF.

PAPER BOY: All right, two cents. Can you raise that much?

NATHANIEL: *(Menacingly.)* I think you just better go play in the intersection.

PAPER BOY: *(Walking off.)* Chintsy bums don't even have two cents . . . CHEEEH.

SAM: I should have drove him in his chintsy face.

NATHANIEL: *(Thinking.)* Samuel —

SAM: Smart ass bastard.

NATHANIEL: *(Stopping him.)* Samuel — do you realize what just happened?

SAM: Yeah. We found a mouthy paper boy who's going to get his head cut off —

NATHANIEL: Samuel! Don't you realize that we were just HAD? *(Pauses while he looks at SAM.)* I mean, we're supposed to be a couple of pretty smart boys, and that paper boy —

SAM: I'll drive the little —

NATHANIEL: It's not him! It's us. I — we pride ourselves on being a notch or two above these people. *(He sees SAM is not fully comprehending.)* Look, it's a simple fact — we got to get some money. *(NATHANIEL reaches for his suitcase.)* I'll open my case *(He opens the case and SAM looks at the ties.)* and when some poor idiot comes and looks at them, you —

SAM: Aww, it won't work. Who'd look at those stupid ties? We got to have a crowd.

NATHANIEL: We don't have time to get a crowd. Do it my way.

SAM: You gotta make a pitch.

NATHANIEL: Don't be stupid. I haven't made a pitch in ten years.

SAM: No pitch — no picking pockets.

NATHANIEL: You don't know what you're saying. I can't make a pitch. Do it my way.

SAM: Sure, do it your way. And *I* go in the clink. To hell with it.

NATHANIEL: But Sam —

SAM: Got to have a pitch.

NATHANIEL: IT'D SOUND LIKE A DOG-FIGHT.

SAM: You were the best carney on the Row. You could hypnotize them.

NATHANIEL: You don't know what you're asking.

SAM: JUST ONE CRUMMY PITCH. Then you can split if that's what's bothering you. The great artist. *(Scornfully.)*

NATHANIEL: *(To himself.)* Aww, for crying out loud. *(He looks at SAM, then arranges his suitcase on the bench. A pedestrian walks by.)* Sir, come here a moment. I can see you're a man of taste, quality. Look here, see what I . . . *(Man walks away.)* See what I said? It won't come, and we both look like idiots.

SAM: Try it again. You're not wound up.

NATHANIEL: For Chrissake, why prolong something —

SAM: Once more. *(SAM moves him bodily into position.)* Just once more.

NATHANIEL: Once more indeed. *(Two men come by.)* Gentlemen, gentlemen, one second of your time. I have for you here the most elegant, exotic, most fascinating ties your eyes have ever gazed upon — or ever will. *(The men walk away.)* Okay, that's it, Samuel. I did your "once more".

SAM: C'mon, Nat.

NATHANIEL: The old bounce is gone, I got no ring.

SAM: You gotta get warmed up.

NATHANIEL: *(Folding his suitcase.)* It's been ten years, dammit.

SAM: Once more. *(He takes the suitcase from NATHANIEL.)*

NATHANIEL: HOLD ON. A man's pride can take only so bloody much.

SAM: You're the one talking about pride.

NATHANIEL: Well, to hell with pride too. *(He grabs his suitcase and starts down the sidewalk.)*

SAM: STUPID COWARD. *(NATHANIEL turns around and looks at him.)* Get up on the bench like you used to. You weren't afraid back then. Who do

these people think they are, anyway? Or maybe you were just a big fake — is that it? Dawson's just you're excuse for being lazy. *(Pushes NATHANIEL back to the bench.)* Once more — show them what the place used to be like. *(Pause.)* And if you don't, you can go to hell!

NATHANIEL: *(Opening the suitcase and throwing it on the bench.)* If you ever mention it again, I'll . . .

SAM: Get up on the bench. *(SAM pushes him.)* Give them the ol' "travel the world" bit.

NATHANIEL: *(Pause, until two men come by.)* Gentlemen, gentlemen, step right this way. All you men of taste, quality, judgement. You see before you a man who has travelled the world *(Another man stops.)* sailed the seas, explored the jungles, forded great rivers, all these, all these great hardships just to gain for you, discerning people, just for you, what you see in this insignificant case. You gentlemen, *(Two women stop.)* and ladies too, I have roamed and searched the world, and now you, you who are so fortunate as to be standing here before me, you will reap the benefit of my toil. Ladies, gentlemen, I give to you — ties. Not ties of the proletariat, not of the ordinary, but of distinction, *(More people gather around. SAM starts to move through the crowd.)* of character, exotic ties, the essence of elegance. Ties with refinement, grace, beauty. Not dime-store ties, but great ties, grand ties, noble other country ties. Black ties, white ties, shaded, tinted, bright ties. Stained ties, straight ties, piebald iridescent ties. Funny ties, stark ties, rustic, quiet, dark ties. Loud ties, dull ties, intricate embroidered ties. Ties for every wardrobe, ties to unite, to blend, embody. Ties to make men. Ladies, give ties; men, receive ties — beg, borrow steal ties. Long ties, short ties, fat, narrow bow ties. Red ties, green ties, skinny inbetween ties. For big people, small people, short, fat and tall people. You need ties, they need ties, give ties, get ties, the world's greatest gift — ties. Here, now, an array as you'll never see again. Ladies, gentlemen, I present to you my ties. *(NATHANIEL sits down on the back of the bench, catching his breath.)*

SAM: *(Breaking up the crowd.)* Pick up your ties tomorrow folks. We'll be back tomorrow. He's just out of breath.

NATHANIEL: Did you hear me, Sam? Did you hear it? They didn't move an inch. I've still got the touch.

SAM *(Bringing some wallets out of his jacket.)* So have I, Nat. Look at this.

NATHANIEL: I can still do it. I've still got the touch.

SAM: Okay, okay. Let's go before they find out we heisted them.

NATHANIEL: Just like it used to be . . .

SAM: All right, all right. Let's get outta here. We'll get a bottle.

NATHANIEL: What? Oh . . . no, you go. *(Picks up suitcase.)* I think I'll go down where the Row used to be. Maybe some of the old boys are still around. Maybe Dawson . . . I don't think he would care . . . *(Slowly exits.)* Maybe one or two short pitches . . .

CURTAIN

Munro's Bookstore

753 Yates Street Telephone 382-2464

Across from the library

The thinking man's bookstore

A new and attractive store with Victoria's largest assortment of paperbacks carefully catalogued for easy selection.

SPECIAL VALUE

Beautiful art prints $1.69 each

Mostly 22" x 24"

OLD MASTERS
IMPRESSIONISTS
MODERNS
TRAVEL POSTERS
CHILDREN'S PRINTS
ORIENTAL PRINTS

The Centurion

A mind stretched by a new idea can never return to its original dimensions.
— Captain Bowdler

Volume, 2 qts. "Humour by the megaton" published fortnightly

EDITORIAL

Ho theah, compatriots. Aloha. You have been extra special goody-good-good this month, sooo we have decided to bestow upon you an extra-special unalloyed jim-jam knickerbocker special-type treat, cunningly designed to make you go just all ooky inside. We have decided to bow to the overwhelming demand on the part of our curious (prurient) colleagues and mint a facsimile of the Old *Centurion*; as it used to be before it evolved into the snotty-looking prestige bulletin it is now (???). We are adhering rigidly to the traditional form and including sharp excoriating satire, gut-busting burlesque, gloom-chasing witticisms, soul-sickening artwork, mirth-provoking misprints, not to mention crude Rabelaisian ribaldry and smutty little double entendres to tittilate your libido and harden your arteries. Doesn't that just make the little red hairs on your knuckles stand up? Whee! Everything will be just as it was (including the articles). In short, this is something of a farrago, containing chunks and gobbits ripped untimely from former issues and all stitched together with a sinew of the pathological perversion which reigns supreme in our office to this day. The articles are as they were; only the names have been changed to protect the dirty bastids.

But before we roll up our trousers and wade into this barf, I think it's only fair if we confect one of those zippy little "week in the life" features for the aforementioned gentlemen, just to show what eager little beavers they all are. We've decided to do it in experimental colours; black ink to symbolize their feet, and white paper just for the bloody novelty of it. OK? Let's go:

MONDAY: The well-oiled *Centurion* machine swings into action. 10:00. We dynamite Fats Reid out of bed. Ask him where the hell the poetry is. Ask him where the hell Jampot Wollaston is. Ask him where the hell he has been. He pleads the Fifth, then drinks one and lapses back into delusionary tremors. We make a few languid passes at his sister, then go back to the Office to drink.

TUESDAY: Toad Bell rings Daniel. Confers. Fats rings Rumball Baines. Confers. Toad rings Rumball. Demurs. Rumball rings Daniel. Allures. Daniel rings Fats' neck. Deters. Phone Company cuts us all off, in default of arrears. Chrissake.

WEDNESDAY: 9:00. Editorial meeting. 9:05. Raided. 5:30. Out on bail. 6:00. Dead drunk.

THURSDAY: Toad drops Webster's Collegiate into a mouli grater. Funnels resulting confetti into a salt-cellar. Sprinkles words on fly-paper. Freights whole mess in to the printer. Goes on a two-week bender.

FRIDAY: Daniel grows a beard.

SATURDAY: Total hebetude (vaguely warm and wet).

SUNDAY: 10:30. Sales meeting. Entire corps of zombies exhumed; they titubate into Office, painfully. Except Daniel, who is carried in on a shutter. Daniel outlines sales campaign. Toad burps. Jampot suggests publicity drive. Toad vomits. Fats proposes distribution areas. Toad topples face-first into wastebasket. Rolli Cacchioni breezes in, gives Extreme Unction. Toad expires. Entire staff goes into formal mourning (at the Tally-Ho).

THREE WEEKS LATER: *Centurion* comes out, God knows how.

YOUR CENTURION STAFF AT WORK

1. Fats Reid, Poetry Editor, shows hidden selling talent as he solicits advertising.
2. Production Co-ordinator, Ape Beasley, discusses CENTURION finance with Students' Council Publications Director, Mrs. "Snookie" Barr.
3. Editor-in-Chief Daniel finds time to encourage struggling young writer.
4. Toad Bell, Fiction Editor, views life from his vantage point at the copy-desk.

How to Accept a Date Refusal

The freshman, new to our beloved institute, will doubtless be overjoyed to know that in addition to seeking answers to the problems which have vexed mankind since the dawn of creation (How high is up? To be or not to be? Etc.), the great minds functioning in the rarefied aether of higher education have also grappled with other — more mundane — yet very vital questions (Does she or doesn't she? Etc.).

Now, at last, that thorny problem of how to retain some vestige of self-respect when the object of your aspirations make with a thumbs-down for Saturday night has been tackled on the college level.

Here, then, hot from the Sociology Dept., are a few suggested refinements of the manly art of date refusal recovery.

DEFLATING METHOD

Either of the following calculated responses is guaranteed to knock the wind from the sails of the proudest galleon. "Gee, that's too bad, I don't know what I'll do if the car stalls now — you're the strongest girl I know. . . . " — or — "Gosh, that about finishes my list — you were sort of a last resort. . . ."

SNEAKFINK METHOD

This one calls for a little acting talent. Turn to an imaginary group of your college cohorts and say in a boisterous voice: "See, I win! Pay up, suckers! She doesn't go out with boys." Now hang up — fast.

MAKE-HER-REGRET-IT METHOD

See if this one doesn't have her kicking herself. "Oh well, those fancy balls are usually a drag, anyhow. I mean, with the stuffy old lieutenant-governor and those snoopy society page reporters. . . ."

CONFUSION METHOD

This one is pretty shabby, but it may get you off with a whole ego.

"Well, that's too bad, Gloria. What? Not Gloria? Margaret? Ooooh (laugh) . . . I *am* sorry." Giggle obscenely as if you wouldn't take Margaret to a pit-fight. Hang up.

CAUSTIC METHOD

All sham is dropped in this little parting shot that makes no pretence of veiling its venom.

"That's funny — the paperboy said you were E-A-S-Y." Draw the last work out viciously.

UNNERVING METHOD

For the less voluble speaker. A simple cap pistol report and subsequent clatter of the receiver on the floor will give her a restless evening.

DOG-IN-A-MANGER METHOD

With this method, take the refusal gracefully, but carefully neglect to replace the receiver on the hook. Any good phone sneak will remember that, as you made the callinitially, she is unable to break the connection and cannot receive any more calls until you hang up. Having precluded any further date offers, you slink out to a movie.

MAKE-HER-FEEL-LIKE-A-RAT METHOD
(The most difficult)

The correct projection of a completely diaphanous facade of indifference replete with muffled sobs and diverse throat sounds will produce a hollow "smiling through the tears" simulation that will have her avoiding mirrors for two weeks.

"Oh well, that's the way the ginger snaps, I guess, ha, ha. Have to take Brigitte Bardot after all (sniffle). Yes, ha, ha. Maybe my sister can use the Corsage. . . . Dunno what I'll do with the ducats, though (gurgle). Well, some other time, hmmm? Ha, ha, yes, well. . . . ta-ta, now (sob)."

Incidentally, if any of you fellows find a method that actually works, let us know, eh?

DANIEL
Vol 1, No. 2, January 26, 1962

BAD JOKE OF THE WEEK

"Sure hope this rain keeps up."
"How come?"
"Cause then it won't come down."

Yeeeesh!

ECHHH

(A new poem by Daniel O'Brien)

Who scissored
My lizard?

Status Symbols

THE HANGOVER

Hey there, bunky . . . you say you woke up? . . . and that was your first mistake? . . . you say that you're lying there with your eyes stuck closed? . . . and you're not sure whether you're on your back or your stomach? . . . and you can't remember if it was a party or just a bad dream? . . . and you fight to open one eye? . . . and you're still not sure if you're on your back or your stomach? . . . and there's only one thing on earth that could get you up? . . . and that thing says NOW? . . . is that what's troubling you, bunky?

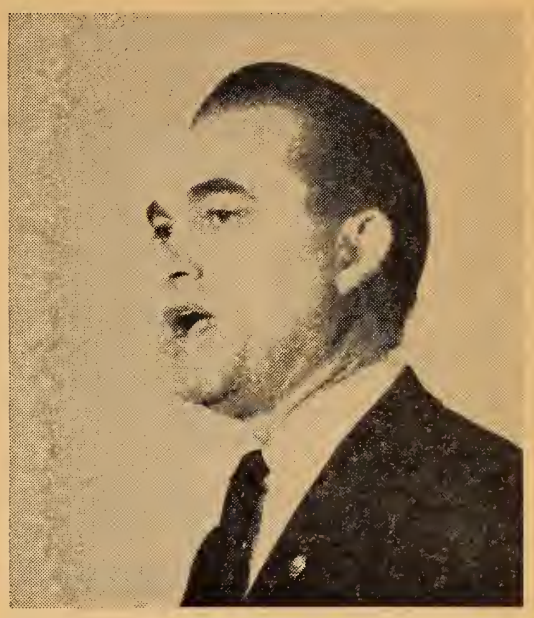
And you crawl out of the sack? . . . and you got to hold your head up straight so's not to spill your brains? . . . and you're wearing baby-doll pyjamas? . . . and your name's Frank? . . . and you get to the mirror? . . . and it looks like Picasso in his Black and Blue period? . . . and you can remember doing the Twist? . . . and now leg's shorter than the other? . . . and the knee on the long one won't bend? . . . and you just stepped on a beer cap? . . . crown up? . . . are feet? . . . and the cat's stamping his feet around the house? . . . and you got pink-eye? . . . and you had to take off your wristwatch because you couldn't stand the racket? . . . and by the time you finished shaving your tongue the dog's in your bed? . . . a German Shepherd? . . . and you don't own one? . . . and he's got a mouth like a cannon? . . . is THAT what's bugging you, bunky?

You say you found a suicide note? . . . and there's a foot sticking out of the deep freeze? . . . and you found a dragon tattooed on your stomach? . . . with big green eyes? . . . and your teeth itch? . . . and your hair hurts? . . . and there's somebody in the spare bed? . . . and she looks about fifteen? . . . and a cop car just pulled up? . . . and a man and a woman in the back seat are pointing at your house? . . . and your stomach feels like a vat of acid? . . . and you got a broken finger? . . . and the guy on the phone will sell you the negatives for ten bucks? . . . and your mouth feels like the bottom of a birdcage? . . . complete with that "dark-brown" taste? . . . and you can't find a cigarette? . . . SHE LOOKS FIFTEEN???? . . . and they're pounding on the door? . . . and somebody's cigar-butt burned a hoel in the floor? . . . and you almost fell into the basement? . . . and your neck won't turn? . . . AND THE COP SAYS SHE'S TWELVE???? . . . is THAT what's eating you, bunky?

Hey, well look, we're having a little 'get together" tonight . . . nothing much, forget your troubles, just a couple of boxes of suds . . . why don't you grab a snuggie and come on over?

Remember, make that one for the road—BOOZE!!

Vol. 2, No. 4, Feb. 8, 1963



LORD RECTOR ANNOUNCED

Elected Uvic's first Lord Rector of Students by a large write-in vote is Col. Lessal Lynchem, pictured above. Asked to comment on his election, Col. Lynchem said: "Wal, tha's mighty white of yew-all. Things bin gettin' a bit hot down South hee-yuh lately, an Ah've bin wondrin' what Ah'd do with mahself now Sammy Davis gone joined the Klan. Ah bin seein' red evuh since Ah found out that Bobby Kennedy's a card-carryin' membuh a' the Communist Party. Down South these days it's gettin' so's an honest, law-abidin' citizen cain't even walk intuh a church carryin' a few sticks a' dynamite without bein' picked up by them nigguh-lovin' S.O.B.'s in the F.B.I. Now, Ah ain't prejudiced mahself, an' Ah'm glad tuh see yew boys an' gals up they-yuh in Vic-tor-ee-yuh ain't neither. No suh, yew-all know a white man when yew see him. Down South these days it's gettin' so's an honest, law-adidin' citizen cain't even walk down the street carryin' a shotgun without some snotty-nosed Yankee sodjer stoppin' him tuh see if he's got a permit. Yew cain't see the Legislative Buildin's fer the N.A.A.C.P. pickets. Now up they-yuh in Vic-tor-ee-yuh it's diff'runt. The nigguhs know they-yuh place, an' it ain't 'mongst the white folks. Now down South these days it's gettin' so's an honest, law-abidin' citizen. . . ."

Runner-up in the Uvic election was Sidney Poitier.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

BY JULIAN REID

For the benefit of those few students deranged enough to actually intend to write their final examinations, the Centurion *presents the following questions ripped bodily from papers in the Registrar's office.*

BIOLOGY 239 *(Internal Anatomy of Molluscs, Crustaceons, and Trollops)*

Sketch the reproductive and digestive systems of the male American lobster (*Homarus Americanus*). Label clearly the *res pubica*, the *cavelleria rusticana*, the *pax romana*, the *septaginta esoterica*, the *cloaca maxima*, the *cloaca minima*, and the navel.

CHEMISTRY 227 *(Stereochemistry and Advanced Phonography)*

Balance the following equation:

$$CH_2CH_3OH + H_2SO_4 = NaNO_3 + BS$$

EDUCATION 223 *(Literature for Education Students)*

Read out loud: John is a boy. Jane is a girl. Spot is a dog. Spot runs. Jane runs after Spot. John runs after Jane. Run, Jane, run.

ENGLISH 450 *(Fifth Year Honours Seminar in Literary Obfuscation)*

Write an essay on any three of the following topics (your choice):

A. Hexameral material in Housman's *A Shropshire Lad.*

B. To be or not to be — is that the question? (Use quotations to support your conclusion.)

C. The Freudian symbolism of *Gorboduc.* (Make special reference to the criticism of T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, Z. S. Fink, R. G. Lawrence, J. D. Peter, and W. S. Wanda.)

FINE ARTS 438 *(Etruscan Ceramics of the Early Eighth Century B.C.)*

Comment on the angular fragmentation of pigmente in the Etruscan vase discovered on the Islets of Langerhans in 1927. What sort of idiot would look for an Etruscan vase on the Islets of Langerhans?

FRENCH 436 *(French Political Speeches of the Seventeenth Century)*

Transletez les sentences persuezment dans Anglais et commentez vous:

1. J'entre dans la salle de classe. (Napoleon Bonaparte).
2. Fermez la porte (Charles de Gaulle).
3. Il me dit: acciam croc soler ouch alla moutaph gidelum amanabem varahini oussere carbulath. (Real Caouette).

HISTORY 337 *(The Intellectual Mystery of Modern Europe)*

(5 marks). Summarize the main currents in European history from the fourteenth through the twentieth centuries, relating to them the cultural and technological advances of this period. Do you think that the events of this period justify Toynbee's view that history follows a cyclic pattern? Do you think that Toynbee's view justifies the events of this period? Do you think?

LATIN 100

Translate the following sentences into Latin:

1. Caesar and his cohorts marchtd to Gaul.
2. Caesar conquered Gaul. (Use the imperfect pluperfect.)
3. Caesar had Gaul.

MATHEMATICS 105 *(Mathematics for Education students)*

Johnny has 5 apples. He gives 2 apples to Mary and eats 1 apple himself. (a) How many apples does Johnny have left? (b) Will Mary get a tummy-ache? (c) Do you like apples?

PHILOSOPHY 313 *(The Rationalist, Empiricist, Nominalist, Existentialist, and Peripatetic Philosophers)*

"Plato's idealistic dualism was a *sine qua non* of the French Rationalist Movement of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. However, the teleology of Kant, taken in conjunction with the Hegelian synthesis that followed it, pointed the path down which Wittgenstein and the contemporary logical positivists were ultimately to travel." Comment critically in no more than 25 words.

PSYCHOLOGY 325 *(Abnormal Behavior Patterns in Experimental Psychologists)*

In an experiment conducted at the University of California, 237 white rats were placed in a Westinghouse Electric Drying Machine, which was then switched on to Automatic Cycle. At the end of a half hour, 111 of the rats showed symptoms of acute nausea, 46 wer esuffering from *mal de mer*, 33 had lapsed into a catatonic state, 27 displayed symptoms of claustrophobia, 12 had gone to sleep, 5 were pregnant, and 3 had turned into handsome young princes. (Ref.: Skinner.) What was this experiment intended to prove? Who were the handsome young princes? Do *you* use a Westinghouse Electric Drying Machine?

Touch

BY MIKE STEPHEN

One foot from my foot his head lies,
One touch of mine could unclose those eyes.
Sleep won't come.
I crawl out of the blankets
Quietly (perhaps too carefully)
Step across his sleeping body and
Tiptoe out of the bedroom.
I return with a cigarette
Light it, and resume
A sleepless posture, sleepless thoughts.

In the dim dawn-light
The freckles on his naked neck and arm
Describe the hideous blotches of the plague.
Some uncontrollable perversity
Propells the wandering flesh from round
The margins of the mind towards
The scream that waits at centre.

For Christ's sake, concentrate!

His head, my foot,
A vague image of two flush fleshes
Is triggered; something
Connects and explodes;
The mind recoils

And hurts, limps
Back into safe confusion.
A line of Catullus'
An incident from Plutarch,
They float in the miasmal
Aftermath, resolve
Into a fiery thought,
Devolve into a ribald
Jest, and then dissolve.
The blinded intellect
Comes groping back.

I don't want to touch,
Just love.

With a woman it is easy,
Kiss and touch are
All part of talk and laugh.

But *you*, what other thing
Besides the laugh, the wink,
The offered beer, or cigarette,
Or shared joke?

Touch, the thought of it
Repels.

In the bed we slept in
One after another with a woman
Who knows more of you than I
Or you of me,
That's the closest we've come to each other,
Isn't it, Chum?

Martial: X (47)

a transpeciation from the Latin

BY DANIEL O'BRIEN

For a life to be envied by all of your race
These are the real things that matter:
Bread you don't eat in the sweat of your face,
But handed to you on a platter;
— A field that just pushes the crops up in rows;
— A hearth for perpetually warming your toes;
— And no more cantankerin' with forensic foes
(They'll drive you as mad as a hatter).

To hell with grey flannels: stay home in your jeans,
Grow strong, with a calm cerebellum;
Nothing fancy to eat — good ol' pork an' beans
With your chums — and a yarn you can tell 'em;
— Nocturnally neither a sot nor a saint;
— Quite able to snooze 'til the darkness grows faint;
— With no wish to turn into something you ain't
(Nor fears to distract you from *Pelham*).

The Laugh's On All of Us

BILL HOGGARTH

When Mitchell dribbled by Crabb and Crabb didn't try to check him, but just grabbed at his shirt tail, that was the game. Mitchell didn't even shoot; he just lobbed the ball over his head at Crabb. Crabb caught it, dropkicked one off the backboard, and flopped on the grass by the edge of the court with the other guys. Mitchell took a few shots, and tried to best Crabb at a dropkick before he quit, too. He spat loudly on the court, which makes the ball sticky, forced a belch, pulled on his teeshirt, and lay down with an exaggerated sigh, patting himself on the stomach.

I've got more stamina than the others, so I kept practicing. I never sit on the grass anyhow; it's sparse and it smells of gasoline mowers. And the other guys bug me when they horse around.

We're pretty good at basketball. Mitchell talks about monopolizing the team when we get to high school, maybe before we hit grade twelve even, but lots of other guys must think the same thing. The guys think I'm the best player, and make me take with the weakest players or play a man short. I'm not really better, but playing full court I always win, because nobody else will run. Half court isn't so easy.

"Who's got a smoke for me?" Mitchell said.

"You had half a deck this morning," somebody said.

"Not any more, you bums. Come on. Crabb."

"The store's down the street."

"The hell. They're too suspicious. Give, Crabb. I see them."

"I got one left."

Mitchell grabbed Crabb, who is half his size, and wrestled with him until he pulled the cigarette package from Crabb's shirt pocket. Mitchell took the cigarette and threw the package away.

"Look what you did to my shirt," Crabb said.

"Get your sister to sew them back on. Lend me your lighter."

"What'll we do this afternoon?"

"Go over to the shopping centre again?" Mitchell suggested without much interest. "See some women maybe."

"Let's stay home and get better acquainted with Cocky," Crabb said, knowing how the others would react.

"That bastard. Somebody's got to beat him up. How about our big star?" Mitchell meant me.

"No thanks. I've got nothing against him." By that I meant that I knew better than the others when to keep out of things.

"We should pile on him and knock hell out of him," somebody suggested.

Cocky's the new kid. He acts chippy and calls everybody and everything a cocksucker, so the guys tagged him Cocky. He plays basketball rough, all elbows and knees and big feet. The first day of the Easter holidays, the day he moved in, Crabb got mad and elbowed him in the stomach. Cocky gave him a shove from behind into the backboard post. Crabb went down on his hands and knees, holding both hands to his forehead.

"You all right?" Mitchell said, kneeling down. He looked up at Cocky. "You must think you're a real hard bastard, fighting little guys from behind."

"You're plenty big," Cocky said. "I'll fight you if you want."

"Don't worry. I'll be around." Mitchell lifted Crabb up and we all helped him home, to stop the game. The other guys were talking fight, but nobody volunteered. Only Mitchell was Cocky's size, and could hardly back down now, but he said the least of anybody about fighting, except me. Cocky looked pretty tough; I just hoped he wasn't going to wreck all our games.

That night, Cocky came over again. Nobody wanted him to play, but nobody said so. We had to switch the teams around, and the guys who were put with Cocky ignored him, just passing the ball among themselves. Cocky grabbed lots of rebounds, though, and scored some good baskets. Naturally he got put against Mitchell. Mitchell didn't say anything about the rough stuff; but he had to shove a little himself. On a rebound, Cocky knocked his glasses off. One lens fell out, not broken, but it still meant a fight. Mitchell went at Cocky with a rush and tried to get him unprepared. He missed, and Cocky slugged him in the lip with almost his first punch. That was the end of the fight.

"Okay, I quit," Mitchell said, testing with his hand to see how much blood there was. "Come on, you guys. Let's go and play somewhere by ourselves."

That was two days ago, and Cocky had not been back since. That was fine with me; when he was there I couldn't help thinking about him instead of the game. I didn't like the rough stuff any more than the others, even if it wasn't dirty.

"I should have gone after him that time he pushed Crabb down," Mitchell said. "I was madder then."

"Yeah, yeah," the others said, but not jeering enough to make Mitchell challenge them to pick a fight with Cocky.

The guys went on talking about Cocky and about what to do. They were still at it when Cocky came out of his house and crossed the street onto the playground.

Low, so Cocky couldn't hear, I said, "Who wants the next fight, you guys?" to make them notice.

Everybody shut up and watched as Cocky came onto the court. He motioned for a pass and I flipped the ball to him. He dribbled a few steps lazily, testing the bounce, and shot a soft one from in close. The rebound came out past the key, and towards the guys. Cocky had a funny bit of a smile; he must have known what they were thinking. "Let's have a game, you cocksuckers."

Nobody said anything the first time. Cocky bounced the ball a few times, and said, "Come on. Us two'll stand all the rest." He meant me.

"We don't want a game," Mitchell said, not like an excuse for being tired, but not really the way he meant it either.

"Chicken?"

"We already had one." Mitchell grumbled something to the others.

"Then eff yourself." From eight feet away, Cocky bowled the ball hard at Mitchell. Mitchell got his foot up just fast enough to block the ball and send it skittering across the court.

Mitchell didn't do anything, but Crabb got up, said "Let's go," jumped the fence into his yard, and walked away without looking back. When Cocky went after the ball, the others got up and jumped the fence, too. They had a conference, and Mitchell came over to the fence. "Get your ball," he said to me. "We're going down to the store for a coke."

"I'll be down later." I would have gone, even though I didn't want a coke, but Cocky had the ball.

We practised. Cocky fired one off the rim. I chased it into the corner and shot a running hook that had that pretty feeling. It scored. Cocky swished a long one and for fifteen minutes we went at it, not saying anything, just running and shooting. I did my usual, only working harder, layups and hooks, jumpers, which I was just learning, and set shots, shooting from all over the court, wherever I got the ball. Cocky threw flat one-handers from behind his ear, the way you throw a football, and breast shots with his elbows sticking out. Still, he dunked as many as me, and wanted to keep going, it seemed. But I got tired. After all, I'd been playing half the morning.

"I'm beat," I said, and sat down against the post, feeling dizzy. Cocky looped a free throw that came down nearly on my head. He put the ball down and sat on it, making it go partly flat.

"Needs air," he said, "I've got a valve and pump."

"So have I. I can do it at home."

We sat there for a few minutes on the warm court, not saying much. Until the dizziness passed, I didn't feel like talking to anybody.

"Come on over to my house," Cocky said after a while. "We can have a coke."

"I don't really like coke," I said, which wasn't a bald lie. I was thirsty, though.

"You can have something else, then. Milk, or juice, or another kind of pop."

I was too tired to think of an excuse, and didn't want to say something phoney. It was easier to agree. We crossed the street and went in the kitchen door. Cocky opened the refrigerator, a squat little thing with a stale smell inside, and said, "What do you want?"

"Ginger ale, I guess."

He opened two bottles of ginger ale and said, "Go in there," pointing to the living room. I followed him. He still carried the ball under his arm. "Christ, look at that." The chesterfield lay on its back, and newspapers were scattered on the floor. He slammed the chesterfield upright, then threw the basketball against a door. It crashed off the door and off the opposite wall, leaving two dust marks. I just stood there.

"Sit down," Cocky said. "The old man's on a drunk. When he's nearly out of booze he starts to sober up and gets restless. Once he fell downstairs and broke his arm, the cocksucker. Hey, do you want some ice cream? Make a float."

"No thanks. I got to have lunch pretty soon." There was the excuse I couldn't think of earlier.

I sat down on the chesterfield. My foot hit something under a piece of newspaper, a telephone receiver with the cord broken off. I held it up for Cocky to see. I just sort of pointed with it towards the door.

"No, he didn't do that. I did, last night when he tried to phone the bootlegger. He's been drunk ever since we moved in here; when he starts he doesn't want to stop. I had to move half the furniture myself."

I sort of sat there drinking ginger ale, with Cocky telling me things that were none of my business, things he didn't have to tell me, which I wasn't even sure I wanted to know, in that room with just the television and chesterfield, and the glue marks on the floor that didn't even have linoleum, and Cocky's old man behind the door drunk.

We got talking about things. Cocky asked about the school, which he hadn't been to yet, and about the teachers, and told me about the school he came

from and the things he did. He asked a few things about me, and I told him. Somehow the talk came around to Mitchell and the rest of the guys.

"They're all phoney," Cocky said. "Guys who pretend they've been around give me a pain in the ass."

"They're not bad guys; some are okay, some aren't."

"That Mitchell's a big Mummy's boy when it comes down to it. He talks lots tougher than he acts."

"Maybe you don't like them. They don't like you, either."

"I don't care. I knew they were phonies five minutes after I seen them. Just like everybody else. Talk, talk, talk, that's all they are. They wouldn't have the guts to do half the things they talk about."

"What do you want them to do, pick fights all the time?"

"They don't have to pretend they're hard. All they talk about is hard talk. Talk for an hour about getting the strap from the principal. They haven't even had the strap, I bet."

"Lots of guys are like that."

"Yeah. Every little thing happens to them they make it sound like a big deal. They get their thrills talking about what happens to other people. Somehow it makes them feel tough. They just don't do anything. Hey, we might as well pump the ball up. I'll go get the pump." Cocky went out of the room and down the basement stairs. While he was gone, his father came out of the bedroom in his underwear. He carried an empty brown bottle by the neck. A whiskey bottle or a wine bottle I guess it was; nobody drinks at my house. His face was puffy, and hollow where the lines ran. He walked like my grandfather, who's got hardening of the arteries, and he looked worse. I sat still and he didn't see me. He shuffled out to the kitchen, muttering and groaning. In a minute, bottles began to clink. Cocky ran up from the basement, swore at him, and came into the living room.

"I'll have to make him some coffee. Try to sober him up. Sometimes it's hard."

His father went into the bathroom and got sick.

"There he goes. All over the floor again, I bet."

"I better go for lunch, I guess." I picked up the ball and started for the front door.

"Wait a minute. Might as well pump the ball up." He took the ball, moistened and inserted the valve, and pumped the ball hard, squeezing it with his foot to test it. "That's better."

"Thanks," I said, and took the ball.

"Yeah, sure. Hey, what you doing this afternoon?"

"Nothing."

"Want to come over, I got some washing to do, then maybe we can do something."

"What about your dad?"

"Hell, I can lock him in the bedroom if we go out. Okay?"

"Okay. I'll come over after lunch." The other guys would get mad if they knew I said that, but they wouldn't know, and it was none of their business anyhow. They'd think I was a traitor just because I went over to Cocky's place for pop.

We didn't do much that afternoon, just sat around in Cocky's back yard. He told me about his mother, who left home because of his father's drinking, and about getting kicked out of their last house for the same reason. He didn't mind telling me, and I didn't mind listening, the way he told it. If he was going to live here, it would all come out sometime, I suppose. Most of the time we talked about sports. He told me about the basketball he used to have.

"It was pretty good. I paid a kid two dollars for it. Only his old man asked him where it was and he got scared and said I stole it. So his old man raised hell and took the ball back. But I never got my two bucks."

"What'd you do? Beat the kid up?"

"No. What for? It was funny, and I knew he was a bastard. He probably knew, too. Hey, do you keep stamps?"

"Used to."

"If you got any, I'll buy some. Mine got lost moving. I bet the old man threw them out."

When I was leaving, Cocky said, "You be out on the court tonight?"

"Sure, I guess so. I usually am."

"I'll come over for a while, okay?"

"If you want to." I wondered what would happen if the other guys were there. Maybe Cocky would be friendly now, but I doubted it, after what he said in the morning.

After supper, I was by myself on the court practicing free throws. The rest of the guys had come out and fooled around awhile, but they decided to go looking for some dame. Mitchell thought he knew a girl who liked him, so they wanted to hang around outside her house and see if she would come out. I was ten for thirteen free throws and trying to break my record of fifteen for twenty when I heard shouting across the street. There was a car parked outside Cocky's place, and all the guys were outside the fence, laughing. I crossed the street and stood behind the front of the car, away from the others, who didn't see me. A man carrying a case of beer and a bottle wrapped in paper stood near the gate. Cocky, on the porch, carried a baseball bat, and his father leaned out the open bedroom window, his arms dangling, motioning for the man to come closer, like he was pleading both to Cocky and the man at once. The man was asking Cocky to be a good kid, but Cocky didn't say a thing. Every time Cocky's father let out

a moan, Mitchell bellowed, starting deep and ending in a squeal, and everybody collapsed against the fence, laughing. The man took a few steps down the sidewalk, watching Cocky all the time, saying he just wanted to talk to Cocky's father for a minute. Cocky motioned at him with the bat and he stopped.

"Throw the bottles!" Crabb said, and the others took it up.

"Beer ball! Twelve strides and you're mickey!"

The man took one more step and Cocky said, "Get out, I told you."

The guys cheered. "Casey at the bat! Go get him! Charge! Cocky the cocksucking cocksucker!"

The man was getting angry. "Come on, kid, you're wasting my time." To Cocky's father, he said, "Can't you make that bastard kid behave?"

Cocky's father gestured and pleaded again, and the man took another step. Cocky didn't say anymore, he just charged down the stairs two at a time ready to swing the bat. The man turned and ran, and everybody scrambled away, up and down the street and across the playground, shouting and looking back. Mitchell stayed behind. He swung the gate open for the man, pulled it shut after him, and dashed for the playground, edged on by the others. He ran around the front of the car, laughing hysterically. Passing me, he shouted "Run!" and pulled me around by the waist. With both hands in my pockets, I half fell over in the street. The rest of the guys started shouting too, and waited to see me get clobbered, but it never happened. Cocky didn't come past the gate. He stood there until the man drove away, and then went back down the sidewalk. Everybody gathered on the edge of the playground and called him names, trying to make the excitement last. When he turned around on the porch and looked at us, everybody shut up. Cocky's father was still hanging out the window, making quavering moaning noises and gesturing hopelessly. The guys laughed again, but not like before. Cocky's father kept moaning.

"Shut up!" Cocky screamed like a crying girl. He whirled the bat around, threw it at the window, and dashed inside. The bat smashed the glass above his father's head, showering chunks of glass onto him. Nobody said anything for a minute, then they all started to laugh. They laughed harder than before, with tears running down their faces, choking for breath, and fell exhausted on the grass, where they lay laughing and talking until all the fun was gone.

I doubt if Cocky'd have done it, if I wasn't there.

EDITORIAL *(continued)*

plot-summary — again assuming *en passant* that we have neither literary nor spectatorial cognizance of Albee or Pinter. Raymond Barnes reheats a plate of Ortega y Gasset in 30 column-inches, and once more calls our reading knowledge into question. Ian Munro (The Swingless Flesh — o my bleeding piles!) gives us a Theophrastic "life" blurb to baalize Good Ol' Winnie. Our Funk and Wagnalls' was a waste of dough!

The only piece which actually qualifies as original, provocative opinion — the editorial shibboleth, we are informed — is Beth Boyle's polemic discussing the misunderstood objectives of the modern woman at University. And let's face it, she's got her head in a sling. She wraps up her thesis with the point that University males make poor matrimonial prey, since they lack the ideal quarry's qualifications; weakness, hunger, curiousity, and ignorance. Hah! Tell that to any of our shambling, emaciated, pole-axed Fourth-Year veterans just about this time of year. Use your skulls, girls. He's a prime financial prospect, camouflaged and conditioned by years of doubt, fears, neglect, and duress. Give 'im a smile and he'll cut your lawn. He's a sure kill.

So much for the *Critic*. I think our diagnosis indicates that immediate euthanasia is justified. This can be accomplished by hitting the financial jugular vein.

Going from the ridiculous to the sublime, what about the *Centurion*? *We* like it! We think it's got snap. We feel pretentiousness is the nemesis of campus writing. We use gimmicks, stunts, and flim-flam. With a candy-coating of absurdity, we knock the capital K out of Kulture. We have the assurance of knowledgeable figures that our literature and art-work is of a reasonably high calibre. How we package it is our business. We defy the *Critic* boys to sell their junk. Poke that in your hair-dryer.

Ford's Bookstore

Western Canada's largest

641 Yates Street Telephone 385-3779

Books for all ages, for every taste, at lowest possible prices. If we don't have it, we'll get it . . . . *fast!*

A galaxy of paperbacks

COLLAGE

Wharf Street Wanda (right), the literary cat who was found one day wandering in the library, has succeeded to the position of patron of the Arts and Letters Club, since her owner, **Elsie Wollaston** (below, right) was elected President of that august group. **Rick Ogmundson**, who went to the meeting by accident, was elected Vice-President, **Judith Baines** became the club's new Secretary and Social Convenor, and ex-President **Daniel O'Brien** was elected Treasurer. (O'Brien nominated himself).

* * *

At the annual Awards Banquet on March 13, **Daniel O'Brien**, the *Centurion*'s beloved Editor-in-Chief and former President of the Arts and Letters Club, received the Tin Pot Trophy for his noteworthy contributions to the cause of Campus illiteracy. The trophy, a handsome aluminum saucepan mounted on a heat-proof bakelite pedestal, is currently being used by O'Brien as an ashtray. It was presented to O'Brien by former Publications Director **Mrs. Olivia Barr** to

acknowledge "the most significant contribution to Campus life through the medium of the written word" — she said. "It wuz a fix", commented O'Brien tinnily.

* * *

Michael Stephen surprised no-one on March 14 when he walked away with the "Best Actor" award in the B.C. Drama Festival in Vancouver for his part in **Tony Nicholson**'s production of **Arnold Pinter**'s *The Caretaker*. Mike has been turning in consistently outstanding performances in Uvic Players Club productions for the last few years.

In addition to his acting ability, Mike is an accomplished debater and creative writer. He debated on the Uvic team that defeated U.B.C. in the recent clash over the resolution "That Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned"; a short story, "A Certain Room", was published in an earlier edition of the *Centurion*; and a collection of his poetry appears in this issue.

The accompanying cut shows Mike relaxing backstage after a strenuous performance last Fall in **Robert Banks Foster**'s production of **W. B. Yeats**' *At the Hawks Well*. His enthusiastic admirer is **Gay Smallwood.**

Recently the University of Victoria Players Club held elections for next year's executive. **Jane Turner** was elected President and **Michael Stephen** Treasurer. After its successful productions of this year — **Aristophanes**' *The Birds*, **Edward Albee**'s *The American Dream*, and **Arnold Pinter**'s *A Slight Ache* — the Club plans an ambitious programme for 1964-65. No definite titles for next year's plays have been released yet, but rumour has it that they'll be an even more interesting set than this year's.

* * *

Carl Hare's recent production of **Ben Jonson**'s *The Alchemist* for the Campus Players was adjudged a tremendous success by all those who saw it. The accompanying photograph, taken at the dress rehearsal, shows **Keith Pepper** and **Marigold Coleman** engaged in a passionate exchange.

The Alchemist will be repeated this summer as part of the University of Victoria's first Shakespeare Festival, along with **Peter Mannering**'s production of *Richard III* and a restaging (with a partly new cast) of **Carl Hare**'s highly popular 1963 version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Work on the plays for the Festival is proceeding apace, and already it seems certain that it will prove an event to be remembered. Many students and Faculty members will be engaged both on and behind stage, and the Festival promises to be spectacular indeed.

The *Centurion* takes great pride in announcing the acquisition of a new staff member, **Miss Deborah Hindle** (pictured above). Miss Hindle comes to us with a wide background of experience in various fields, most of which will prove extremely valuable to her in discharging her new duties. We feel certain that she will be a great asset to our staff, and her presence will enable us to improve and even to expand the famed *Centurion* service to the University community.

* * *

On Wednesday, March 25, students and Faculty members were treated to an exceptionally interesting address by **Dr. Gilbert Bagnani** of the University of Toronto Classics Department on the topic "Lucullus Dines: Food and Drink in the Roman World". Dr. Bagnani commented afterwards on the large turnout, drawn by an extensive poster campaign promising a pulse-tingling *expose* of the truth about Roman orgies. Several English Department professors were present, gathering advice for the planning of their next reception for a visiting poet. *Centurion* staffers were noticeably absent, since they were all recovering from the after-effects of an impromptu orgy of the night before.

* * *

Violating a long-standing tradition, the *Centurion* presents the following credit-lines for photographs on the *Collage* pages. The picture of Wharf Street Wanda is by **Elsie Wollaston**, that of the scene from *The Alchemist* is by **Winston Jackson**. All other shots are by the omnipresent **John Philion**.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME; IN THE MANNER OF THIS CENTURY

MIKE STEPHEN

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb was sure to go.

MR. ELIOT'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON NURSERY RHYME

"Look, look, master, here come two . . ."
JEW OF MALTA

Incontranegagnative
The pair displays disparity,
The virgin and the animal,
The greatest of these is charity.

The greatest of these is charity.
Quintessence of η αγαπη
Which at the time of origin
Produced the sainted Jeremy.

AFTER DYLAN THOMAS

A rooking girl grown great with a lamb's love
Leaves from the unborn entrance of the page
To swing along the roadway of the nerves.
Tap, tap, happily of mandrake's music
From a cloven hoof; the sap sings; smack
Of four feet smartly on the path of Genesis.
Abaddon's death in Mary's salty wound,
The windy salvage of a narrow lamb,
The round bleat of the unsexed thighs, meet,
Bleat, blare in a nursery hymn.
I, Maud's bard, hung bright in the heaven of Wales,
Angel here no monumental argument of love,
But sit and watch the worm beneath the fleece
That gnaws the skin away.

AFTER GERALD MANLEY HOPKINS

Thou, mastering him,
Mary, where he trod,
Lover, leader, and redeemer,
Mother of lamb and god;
Bones, feet, veins and bleat thou hast built in him,
fastened him fleece,
Given him footsteps to follow in, stable in sod,
And of the mercies thou hast given him, Oh not the least
Is his fleece and fleetness of foot, his firmness of limb.

AFTER E E CUMMINGS

I
mary went anyway
lamb danced after
mary chased somehow
lamb followed laughter

both went somewhere
neither returned
this was the anyhow
everyone learned

II
the way to hump a girl is not
to gambol like a lamb
but amble up in front of her
and bellow like a ram.

AFTER THE IMAGISTS

As the lamb
followed Mary
wherever she
went it put
its feet for-
ward one after
another a-
gain
and
a-
gain

AFTER EZRA POUND

Damn your 'dam, lamb,
Be a ram,
SCRAM!!

Jean Cocteau

BY ROBERT FOSTER

The small french bird,
a dandy
in his time,
is dead
in Milly. Surely,
an angel is shocked.

Blandly,
he stands on a
tightrope, bowing.
His conscience separates,
sways,
falls
to the sawdust.
He smiles,
produces a rabbit.

Parisians,
beware the night!
A ghost is making
faces at the
gargoyles of
Notre Dame.

A Shoe

BY MIKE STEPHEN

when you first wear it fits
not too well, but then you like
to look at it, perhaps
to show it off a bit. And one day
(when you've worn it for a year
or two) while you polish it
you pause and hold it up to see
the way it's weathered, marvel at
how well it's worn. (In the Army
I remember how we burned our boots,
seared the coarse leather, mixed spittle with the
polish,
the hard abuse produced a brilliant shine.)
Marvel, too, at how its most comfortable time
is just before the sole splits at the seams
and lets the weather in.

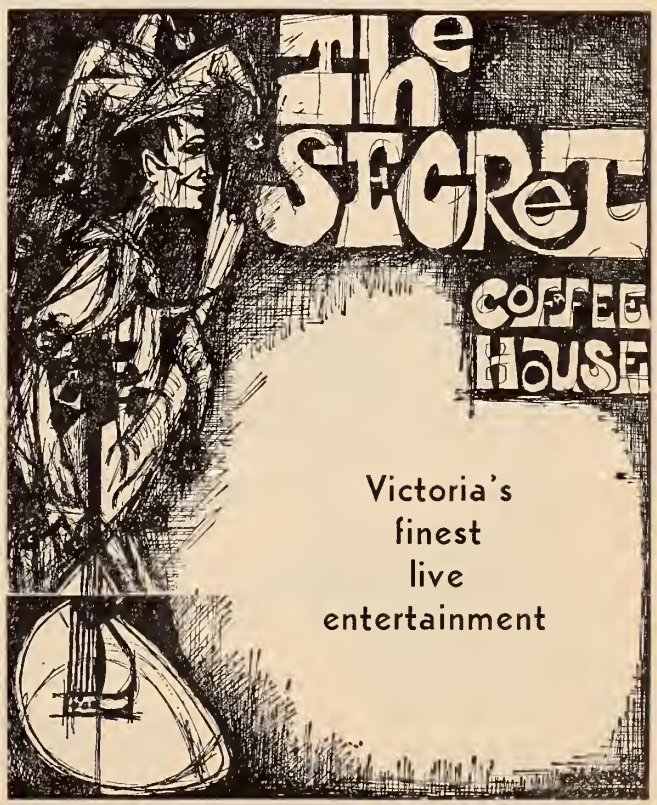
Odysseus Hears The Sirens

BY ROBERT FOSTER

I hear a chant
from wavelets breaking landward
in a song that draws me down and
spins me through green caverns
a vision at a time,
always waking me
to dreams of green leaved hills.

Home is too much to go home to:

Glittering sunlight prisms
droplets on my oars,
back I slide through yellow orchards
talking with dead friends,
no one can tell me now
the connection between
green visions.



MAIJA BISMANIS

Arc
LH3
C4

Lizard people don't talk.